



**A NEW SONG ON THE  
RELEASE OF THE  
POLITICAL PRISONERS  
COMPOSED BY CHARLES JACKSON**

---

Rejoice each friend of liberty  
Old Grattan's Sons thank God are free  
From the dungeon cells & slavery  
And brutal torment & tribulation  
These five long years they suffer'd sore  
Faded alas from Erin's shore  
Her name till death they will adore  
O. d. Erin's matchless Nation

**CHORUS—**

Cheer up you Sons of Paddy's Land  
And welcome home with heart & hand  
The men who wore the Kile band  
Thank God they'r liberated.

No pen can paint what they went through  
No punishment can't them subdue  
Their will & hearts both staunch & true  
Still beats for poor o. d. Erin  
Yes some who were condemned to die  
Would proudly face the gallows high  
And die like those who years gone by  
Was Martirs for old Erin

Great rejoicement far & near  
And acclamations rend the air  
And Sons & Hunters without fear  
Who's hearts seem's elevated  
Shout our foes are in a mix  
In town & country they are affix'd  
Bonfires & tubarres in a blaze  
And houses illuminated

Around towns & houses was grand work  
In Mallow Charlevill & Kantuck  
With great rejoicement hearts so gay  
In Mitchelstown Macroom & Dunmanaway  
Ross Scriberreen & Pantrybay  
With joy all hail'd that happy day  
With friend & comrades now depend  
A merry Christmas they will spend

Before I do conclude my theme  
I hope the time will come again  
We'll beat our foes by land & main  
And conquer all invaders  
Depend it is the truth I say  
That France will show sheer all fair play  
Is then that we may thank the day  
For the Fenians liberation